

The most lamentable Tragedie

To finde thy brother *Basianus* dead.

*Saturninus*. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,  
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,  
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chafe,  
Tis not an houre since I left them there.

*Mart*. We know not where you left them all aliue,  
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

*Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.*

*Tamora*. Where is my Lord the King?

*King*. Heere *Tamora*, though green'd with killing griefe.

*Tamora*. Where is thy brother *Basianus*?

*King*. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,  
Poore *Basianus* heere lies murdered.

*Tamora*. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ.  
The complot of this timelesse Tragedy,  
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,  
In pleasing smiles such murderons tyrannie.

*She giueth Saturnine a Letter.*

*Saturninus reads the Letter.*

*And if we misse to meete him handsomly,  
Sweet huntsman Bascianus tis we meane,  
Doe thou so much as dig the grane for him,  
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward,  
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,  
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,  
Where we decreed to bury Bascianus,  
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.*

*King*. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like,  
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,  
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,  
That should haue murdered *Basianus* heere.

*Aron*. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

*King.*

of *Titus Andronicus*.

*King*. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,  
Haue here bereft my brother of his life:  
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,  
There let them bide vntill we haue deuisd  
Some neuer heard of tortering paine for them.

*Tamora*. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing!  
How easily murder is discouered.

*Titus*. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,  
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,  
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,  
Accursed, if the faultes be prou'd in them.

*King*. If it be prou'de, you see it is apparant,  
VWho found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?

*Tamora*. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.

*Titus*. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,  
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow  
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,  
To aunswere theyr suspition with theyr liues.

*King*. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.  
Some bring the murdered body, some the murtherers,  
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,  
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,  
That end vpon them should be executed.

*Tamora*. *Andronicus* I will intreat the King,  
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall doe well enough.

*Titus*. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them.

*Enter the Empresse sonnes, with Lavinia, her bandes cut  
off, & her tongue cut out, and rauisht.*

*Demet*. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,  
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

*Chiron*. Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning so,  
And if thy stumpe will let thee play the scribe.

*Demet*. See how with signes & tokens she can scrowle.

*Chiron*. Goe home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

E.

*Demet.*